

A
REVIEW
OF THE
STATE
OF THE
BRITISH NATION.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year. MDCCVII.

W E L L

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NO. 1

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P R E F A C E.

I Have been so loth to interrupt the Discourse of publick Things, that I have run this Volume to an unusual Length; but there is a Necessity of ending it here.

I shall make no Scruple to tell you, I think this Volume the best qualify'd to inform the Readers, of the Affair on the North-Side of Britain, of any thing at least that I have wrote; I was not unsensible when I entred on the Particulars of the Union, that it would cloy the wandering Humour of this Age, who bare to dwell upon a thing, tho' of never so great Moment; nay, so eager they are to see Novelty, that when they are best pleas'd with a Subject in its Beginning, yet they will never have Patience to hear it out.

However, I was content to hear the Readers of this Paper cry it was dull, see them throw it by without Reading, and hear them say, he preaches so long on the Union, because he has nothing else to say; and in short, all Manner of Contempt has been thrown upon it, not because the Affair of the Union was not worth recording, or was in it self useless; but Union, Union, nothing but Union for four Months together glusted their Fancy, and pall'd the Modishness of the Towns Humour, and so the poor Review lost its Faculty of pleasing You.

And now I am to tell you, that I value this Volume for that very thing, for which it lost so much of the common Opinion—Nor is this Value I put upon it meerly my own, I have the Approbation of that valuable few, whose Judgment I have Reason to esteem, and with which I am abundantly contented—The former Volumes pleas'd the Readers of the Day better than this, and this will please the Readers of Futurity better than they; and thus what I lost in the Shire, I shall find in the Hundred, and I am very well contented.

I am not going about to panegyrick upon my own Work in this, but to answer some of the innumerable Cavils, which generally attack me in every thing I do—And this is one; What a P—x does this Fellow pretend to, says a warm Gentleman, with a Band on, at a publick Coffee-House not far from Newgate-Street, he has been in Scotland this Twelve-Month, and he pretends to write a Paper in London; what can he say to any thing, either in its Time or to any Purpose?

Really, Gentlemen, I was under the Inconvenience of Distance of Place, and suffer'd some Reproach which could not be avoided, particularly when a Review was publish'd, making some Conjectures about the Siege of Thoulon, and which in Spight of a Person's Care who pretended to revise it, that very Paper was printed the next Post after the News arriv'd that the Siege was rais'd—But tho' by the Negligence of the Person I depended upon to repair that Defect which my Distance occasion'd, I fell into that Misfortune; yet, Gentlemen, the Guesses at, and Inferences from the Affair of Thoulon, which I too unhappily appear'd right in, might very well atone for that Slip, and does do so in the Eyes of all friendly Remarkers.

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